

American Junior Red Cross NEWS



April 1950



EASTER GREETINGS!

Easter egg favors made by Junior Red Cross members of St. Joseph, Mich. (Berrien County Chapter), for hospitals and children's homes, are displayed in a department store window by Joseph Killian, Jr., and Linda Dalrymple. Over 500 brightly colored eggs were decorated with amusing faces, hats, collars, wigs, and spectacles.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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Enrollment of elementary schools in the American Junior Red Cross includes a subscription to the "News" on the basis of one copy for each classroom enrolled. Enrollment is for the calendar year. Enrollment fee is 50 cents per room. For further information concerning enrollment and the Junior Red Cross program see your local Red Cross chapter.

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SPRINGTIME

Springtime is always a happy time, especially for children. Days are warmer and coax you to play baseball, spin tops, or play marbles or jacks. New leaves are appearing every day on the trees. Warm rains are bringing out all the gay spring flowers. You are just glad to be alive.

CONSERVING AND PROTECTING

If we put those two words into simple English, we will be talking about *saving* and *taking care* of life and property. Spring is a good season to put those words into practice.

Good Junior Red Cross members can think of many things they can do to conserve and protect. Here are a few ideas for you to think about. How many does your Junior Red Cross do?

(1) Beautify your schoolgrounds. (See story on page 16 of how Connecticut pupils made their schoolgrounds beautiful and useful.)

(2) Clean up around your homes and your schools. (Picture on back cover.)

(3) Plant a tree. (Picture on page 27.)

(4) Be sure picnic spots are left clean and free of paper and trash.

(5) Carefully put out all picnic or camp fires. "Remember—only *you* can prevent forest fires!"

(6) Shoot birds and wild life with a camera instead of a gun. (Story on pages 14-15.)

(7) Protect lives from death or injury by practising safety first. (Story on pages 8-9, and picture on back cover.)

(8) Save Easter eggs for food by dyeing them with a harmless dye, then use them later as deviled eggs, in salad, or creamed. (To save eggs is the reason the traditional Easter egg rolling on the White House lawn has been suspended.)

(9) Raise those baby Easter chicks and ducklings that may be given to you. They will furnish food later.

For a real adventure in conserving and protecting life and property, and a happy Easter-time to you all,

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.



The Adventure of Small Fox

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

Illustrated by

Iris Beatty Johnson

Did you know that Indians once lived where our nation's capital is now located? This story tells about a long-ago adventure there of one of the Indian boys.

WASHINGTON, District of Columbia, is the capital of our country. Many people from many lands live there. But long, long ago, only the Indians lived along the broad river and on the wooded hills.

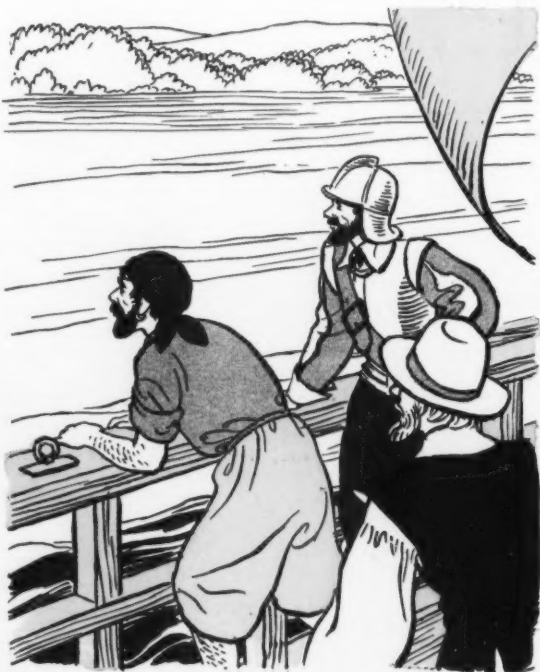
They lived in long houses, with several families in one house. Three or four fires were built on stones down the middle of the house. These kept everyone warm.

Small Fox lived in such a house with his father, Big Hunter, and his mother, Gray Bird. Of all the people who lived in the house, Small Fox liked the storyteller best. The storyteller was known as Turkey Gobble, and his stories were wonderful. Small Fox would have liked to listen all the time.

But Small Fox had other things to do. He had to help Big Hunter find the right kind of stones to make arrowheads. He had to help Gray Bird dig out the soft stone to make her stone pots. He had to hoe the weeds in the garden of corn and pumpkins.

Small Fox did not like to do any of these things. When his mother asked him what he would like to do, he had a quick answer: "I would like to tell stories like Turkey Gobble."

"When you are old enough, perhaps you can," said his mother.



But Small Fox shook his head. "I shall have no stories to tell. To tell stories one must have adventures, and Turkey Gobble has had many adventures. Nothing ever happens to me."

His mother laughed. "Something will happen to you some day, Small Fox," she said. "I am very sure of that."

Something did happen!

The Indians had a big town by the river. They called it Trading Town. One day Small Fox went with his father to the town. Big Hunter had arrowheads to trade, and a stone pot which Gray Bird had made and filled with yellow corn.

Trading Town was always filled with Indians who wanted to trade. They came in their hollowed dugouts down the river and up the river, as well as on foot along the forest trails.

These visiting Indians brought meat and furs, and sometimes there were Indians from a long way off who brought pieces of shining

copper. These pieces of copper looked beautiful hanging on a piece of rawhide. Small Fox liked them even better than the necklaces of seashells.

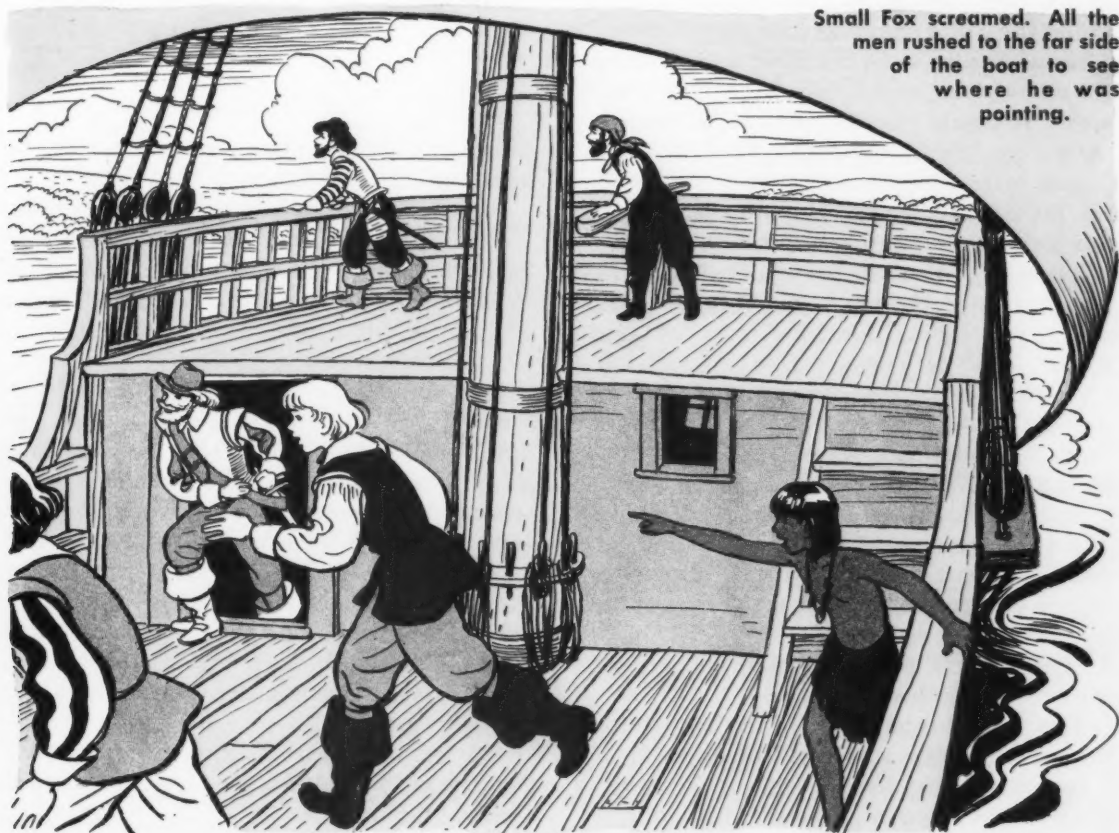
But on the day when Small Fox went to Trading Town with his father the Indians were too excited to trade. They were gathered in groups and looking down the river.

An Indian who had been fishing brought word that a strange boat was coming up that river. It had white wings, and the wind seemed to push it along.

And there were strange men in that boat, with white skins. They wore curious clothes and had something in the boat which made a loud sound like thunder.

Small Fox grew more and more excited as he heard the men talking. And at last, sure enough, the boat came in sight. It was curious, indeed!

But Small Fox thought the man who came on shore first was the strangest looking man he had ever seen. The boy drew



Small Fox screamed. All the men rushed to the far side of the boat to see where he was pointing.

close as the man bargained with Big Hunter for the pot of corn.

Once he saw the man looking at him. "I am John Smith," the man said. But of course Small Fox did not understand.

Then, suddenly, as Captain John Smith turned to go, he gave the pot of corn to one of the other white-skinned men. And he himself bent and lifted Small Fox in his arms. He smiled and nodded to Big Hunter as he did so, and pointed up the river.

Small Fox heard the Indians saying, "He wants Small Fox to show him the way."

So Small Fox was carried on the boat, and he stood beside Captain Smith and pointed out, as best he could, the rocks in the river. The big boat with the white wings sailed carefully between them.

The white men patted him on the shoulder and gave him food to eat. But Small Fox was worried. He did not mind going *up* the river, for he knew that after a little the rocks and the falls would make it impossible to sail farther.

But what about going *down* the river? Would the boat stop and let him off, or would the white men take him away forever?

He wished he were home with Gray Bird. He would be glad to help her make stone pots. It would be wonderful to be back in the garden hoeing the corn. And how easy it was, after all, to find the right stones for his father to fashion arrowheads. Small Fox gulped a lump down in his throat.

At last the boat of the white men could go no farther. It was turned about. And now it was sailing down the river, straight toward Trading Town.

As Small Fox watched the shore one of the white men came and put four blue beads in his hand. "These are for showing us the way," he said.

Small Fox stared at them. Then he looked at the sky. The beads, he was certain, were part of the sky itself. Not even copper bangles or the best seashells were as beautiful.

He looked at the white man and popped the beads into his mouth.

The white man laughed. "He thinks they are something to eat," he said.

But Small Fox had not eaten the beads. They were hidden beneath his tongue.

IT'S APRIL NOW

IT'S APRIL now,
We're starting to plow;
Soon pumpkins and corn will be up;
Warm sunshine and shower
Will make the fields flower
With lupine and gold buttercup.

The grass now is green
As any I've seen
And soon will feel cool to my feet.
Now days will grow long,
We'll hear Robin's song,
And the wind will be perfumed and sweet.

It's April now,
But I don't know how
Such beauty can spring into sight;
In field and in tree
I hear and I see
New wonders in which I delight!

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

Small Fox had a plan. For that plan he would need both hands.

As the boat came nearer to Trading Town, suddenly Small Fox screamed and pointed—not toward Trading Town but across the river. All the men rushed to the far side of the boat to see what had made Small Fox scream.

And the minute they did this, Small Fox was over the side of the boat and in the water. He swam under the water as long as he could, and when he did come up it was behind a rock. All the while the blue beads were safe beneath his tongue.

The boat sailed on. Then Small Fox swam and waded the rest of the way to the shore. Swift as the fox for which he was named, he ran through the woods. He was going home to his mother, and he had blue beads to give her.

Besides—he had his first story to tell. Everybody would listen to that story, even Turkey Gobble.

The Easter Bunny

ONCE THERE WAS an Easter Bunny,
Who found a little horn—
He tooted it and tooted it
Upon an Easter morn.

He woke up the chickens,
He woke up children, too.
He woke up little brother;
Did he awaken you?

He found some Easter eggs,
All colored red and blue—
Some with "Easter Greetings,"
Some with "Greetings to You."

He was so happy and gay,
He laughed and hopped around,
He hid some Easter eggs
All over the soft ground.

When we all go Easter-egg hunting,
We will find the eggs of red and blue
That the little Easter Bunny
Has left for me and you.

So on Easter Sunday
We will all go out and find
The pretty red and blue eggs
That the Easter Bunny left behind.

—GLORIA ROBINSON, Grade 4
Old Broad Rock School
Chesterfield Chapter, Chester, Va.

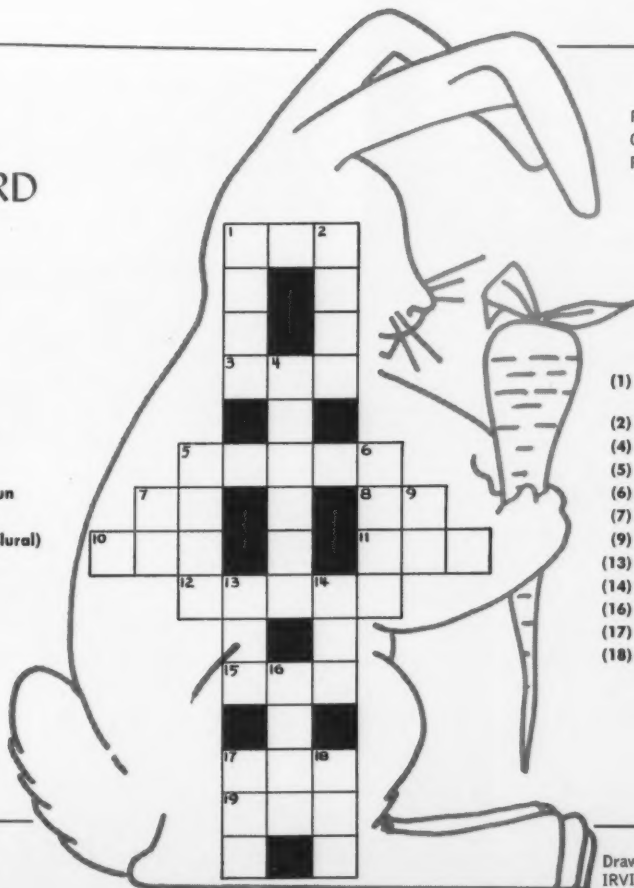
EASTER CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

- (1) Slippery fish
- (3) Body of water
- (5) Catch with a rope
- (7) Musical note
- (8) An article
- (10) Nickname for the sun
- (11) To paddle a canoe
- (12) Unit of measure (plural)
- (15) To fasten
- (17) Mexican tree
- (19) To put in position

DOWN

- (1) What you like to hide on Easter
- (2) Melted rock
- (4) Spring holiday
- (5) Easter flower
- (6) Paddles of a canoe
- (7) A preposition
- (9) Negative word
- (13) Skill
- (14) Female deer
- (16) Small island
- (17) To employ
- (18) And so forth (abbreviated)



Puzzle by
OLLIE JAMES
ROBERTSON

Drawing by
IRVIN
ALLEMAN

"S" is for Safety in



"It's dangerous to play with matches," one second-grader warns another at Le Conte School. ➤

8



NEWS OF THE DAY

Mary
Wednesday June 1, 1944
It is a lovely
warm June morning.
We are happy
that San Francisco
had the second best
traffic safety record
for the larger cities of
the United States.

▲ Safety is news in the second grade at Le Conte School. Safety notes make good news in the daily classroom bulletin.

◀ At Jean Parker School pupils work on an art project showing safety in home and community.



San Francisco

BOYS AND GIRLS in San Francisco schools know that "S" for safety is just as important for them to learn about as are the 3 R's. As a part of their classes in reading, arithmetic, social studies, health, art, and music, they study about safety, too.

In nearly all the schools in San Francisco, public, private, and parochial, the pupils use the "Red Cross Guides for Safety Instruction." These guides are a big help.

So as a part of their regular school work, the pupils have written safety stories and songs, designed posters, made surveys, and carried on other safety projects.

These pictures show a few of the things the San Francisco school children are doing to help make their world a safe one.

—MARGO HILLS

AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTOS FROM PACIFIC AREA OFFICE



▲ Safety patrol officer at John Muir School warns classmate against wearing soft shoes while roller skating. In safety class pupils learn that hard-soled shoes are safest for roller skating.

Boys and girls at Le Conte School learn new words of safety in their reading lesson. ▼



▲ Safety on the playground is illustrated by this boy in his art class at Le Conte School. He is sketching safety hazards.



Effie May Keeps Her Promise

A story about Effie May and "Queen Dolly" Madison — written by M. SITGREAVES AIMI in honor of the 150th birthday of our nation's capital.



Illustrations by JANET SMALLEY

EFFIE MAY MARVEN felt unusually excited as she waited for the wife of President Madison in the Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C. The great lady had said that she wished to see her, and whenever "Queen Dolly" wanted something it was sure to be exciting.

The year was 1814. Ever since Effie May had been able to walk, she had been allowed to go in and out of the Executive Mansion much as she pleased.

She knew everyone there. When Mr. Thomas Jefferson had been president, he was her special friend. In fact, when he had left Washington to go to his home, Monticello, Mr. Jefferson had lifted Effie May on his knee and quite solemnly asked her to take good care of the mansion for him.

She was now 11, but she had never forgotten what the tall, kindly President had requested her to do.

Effie May lived in a small, shabby cottage on the banks of the Potomac not far from the Executive Mansion. Her neighbor had been "Crusty" David Burnes, who had sold the land to the government for this new home for the Presidents.

Her father had helped to build the elegant "Castle," and she, because of her nearness, had learned to know the famous people who came to live in it.

When Mr. Jefferson said good-by to her,

Effie May thought she never again would have any happy times in the big house—but she was mistaken! When beautiful Queen Dolly arrived with President Madison, life became gayer than ever.

Effie May told Mrs. Madison at once about her promise to Mr. Jefferson. The gracious lady had said, "Don't worry, my young friend. We shall take fine care of the Executive Mansion and together make it lovelier than it has ever been."

Dolly Madison kept her word. It was Effie May who with her decided yellow satin would be the grandest color of all for the Castle's parlor upholsteries.

It was Effie May to whom the President's wife first showed the gold and crystal centerpiece she selected for the state dining table, and the pianoforte of which she was so proud.

Now as the young girl wondered what was to be the next surprise, the door opened and Queen Dolly entered.

"Effie May," she said instantly, a tiny frown between her blue eyes, "I have a problem. I sent for you, hoping you might help me out."

"I'll be glad to try, Mrs. Madison."

"As you know, there are no bathtubs in the Executive Mansion. We can't buy any, for there are none for sale. You are a clever girl. What do you think we might use for taking baths?"

Effie May was astounded. "Mrs. Madison," she gasped, "nobody ever takes baths. Even the minister in the church says it's sinful."

"Nevertheless, we are going to have bathtubs in our Castle." The First Lady sounded very determined.

The girl thought a moment and then spoke hurriedly, "I know, Queen Dolly. Mr. Jefferson's tubs! They are in the cooling room. Come with me."

Three minutes later, Effie May and the President's wife were staring at a pile of wooden tubs in a corner of the room used for cooling milk and butter.

"Will they do?" the girl asked anxiously. "Mr. Jefferson used them for washing his wine glasses."

"They're perfect," Mrs. Madison said delightedly. "I'll put one tub in each of the small rooms upstairs and the Executive Mansion will have its first bathrooms. We don't care what anybody says about taking baths."

The First Lady smiled broadly and hugged Effie May until her breath puffed.

A SHORT TIME after, life in the President's home was not so pleasant. The frightening word had come that the British were attacking just 6 miles from Washington. Most of the men had left the city to join the army. President Madison had mounted his horse and ridden away from the Executive Man-

sion to be near General Winder and the American troops.

Having refused to leave, Mrs. Madison was home alone with the servants when Effie May ran in.

"Queen Dolly, are you afraid?" the girl asked worriedly. "I have been listening to the awful cannon roar for an hour."

"Of course, I'm not afraid, Effie May. Where's your father?"

"He's gone to fight the British. Will they damage our Castle, do you think?"

"Certainly not. Here—look through this spy glass. There's not a British soldier in sight."

"I see American soldiers running in every direction," Effie May said, startled. "Whole families are leaving the city in their coaches. Something dreadful must be happening."

"Mr. Madison told me to take care of the

As Effie May and Queen Dolly were packing the trunk, a servant ran in with frightening news.



cabinet papers, Effie May. Let's be useful. You help me gather them in this empty trunk."

As the two busily began to collect the important papers, outside of the Executive Mansion there were loud noises, angry shouting, and running in the streets.

French John Siousa, faithful servant of Mrs. Madison, asked if he might spike the cannon at the gate and lay a train of powder to blow up the British if they dared to enter the President's home. Queen Dolly told him to do no such thing. She was not going to have the Castle destroyed if she could help it.

SOON THE TRUNK was filled. Not another paper could be crammed into it. As Mrs. Madison and Effie May were trying to fasten the lid, two messengers on horseback galloped up to the front door of the mansion.

"Clear out! Clear out!" they shouted. "The British are coming."

Everything was confusion. Mrs. Madison called for her carriage and, passing through the dining room, caught up what silver she could and crowded it into her reticule.

"John," she ordered, "break the frame on George Washington's portrait and have someone carry it away. The British must not seize that painting."

As Mrs. Madison ran to her waiting carriage, Effie May followed.

"My dear," the First Lady called to her with tears in her eyes, "I cannot take you with me. Run to your home. The British will not bother you there."

Effie May stood very straight. "Queen Dolly, I promised Mr. Jefferson that I would take good care of this house. I'll try—for you and for him."

Mrs. Madison in her carriage was already flying full speed toward Georgetown.

EFFIE MAY ran into the Executive Mansion where the dining room table was set for 40 guests. Cut glass decanters cooled on the sideboard and plate holders stood by the fireplace.

Near the staircase in the hallway stood one of the tubs that Queen Dolly had decided to use for bathing. A servant must

have dropped it there in the excitement. Effie May pushed it toward the dining room, turned it upside down in a corner, and crawled in under it to hide.

She did not have long to wait. In a few minutes there was a loud tramping of feet in the street outside. Effie May's heart thumped with fright.

Then she heard French John say, "It's the Americans. They're retreating. I'll give them drinks."

John carried buckets and bottles to the thirsty soldiers who were hot and tired. Effie May stayed under her tub and watched through a slit in the handle.

Through the shouting, she heard another sound—more tramping that came nearer and nearer. This she knew was the British.

On and on they came, up the street, through the lawn, into the President's house they marched—right into the dining room.

Effie May was terrified, but she huddled under her tub and never made a sound.

"Food!" the British shouted. "Let's eat!" Wine bottles were opened; meat, biscuits, apples, pears were gulped.

Once the food was gone, the soldiers yelled, "If there's nothing more to eat, let's get out of here!"

The Britishers went outside. Every soldier carried a long pole with a ball about the width of a plate on the end of it. Each ball was filled with fire.

One soldier was stationed before each window downstairs, and, at a signal from the British General Ross, the windows were broken and the fire tossed inside.

In a second, the curtains, carpets, and chairs of the President's home were flaming.

Effie May threw over the tub and jumped up, screaming, "Stop it! Stop it! How dare you burn down our Castle!"

She saw the fire fall on Mrs. Madison's beautiful pianoforte and ran toward it with a bucket of water in which the wine bottles had been cooling. But the smoke was too thick and the flames were too hot. Effie May had to drop the bucket and run for her life.

ONCE OUTSIDE, the girl stood near a tree in the back of the Executive Mansion and watched through her tears the flames leap

to the second floor and lick the roof of the home she had loved so much and tried so hard to save.

"If only God would help me," she thought.

Fires were raging throughout the city. The Capitol was burning; a newspaper office and people's homes were in flames. President and Mrs. Madison were gone, no one knew where, and the British soldiers were still on the march, spreading disaster wherever they went.

And then it happened. Huge, black clouds gathered over Washington. A terrific wind began to blow, knocking the British soldiers over, flinging them against trees, and driving them back to their ships. The rain poured down, smothering the fires, then putting them out.

It was one of the worst tornadoes Washington had ever had. Effie May had to hold to the tree with all her strength to keep from being thrown to the ground.

She was soaked to the skin, alone and cold, but with it all the young girl was happy. The British soldiers were gone.

The fire in the President's Mansion was out and, while the roof was in holes and

the furniture burned, the walls still stood. It could be rebuilt when Mr. and Mrs. Madison came home again. Together they still could have gay times in their Castle.

As the rain and wind slowed down, Effie May began to smile.

"I think I'll write a letter to Mr. Jefferson," she said to herself. "I'll tell him that I did my best to save his house and that God certainly helped too. Mr. Jefferson will understand. He's a wonderful man."

TWO DAYS LATER Effie May was out front when the President and Mrs. Madison returned to Washington.

Queen Dolly looked at the charred walls of their Castle and at the girl's sad face.

"Never mind, Effie May," she said, "the Executive Mansion will be replaced. These black walls can be painted white."

Effie May was thrilled. "A white house would be beautiful, Queen Dolly."

"Yes," said Mrs. Madison. "The Presidents of the United States should live in such a house. Who knows? In the future the people may even call the mansion by that name—the White House."

Happy Birthday to Our Capital!

THIS YEAR the 150th birthday of the establishment of Washington, D. C., as our nation's capital is being celebrated.

How many of these questions about Washington can you answer?

- (1) Who selected the site for the capital?
- (2) Where was the seat of government before it was moved in 1800 to the District of Columbia?
- (3) Who laid out the plan for the city?
- (4) Who named the streets and avenues?
- (5) What is the most important building in Washington?



BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

- (6) How many skyscrapers are there in Washington?
- (7) American boys often dream of living in what house in Washington?

(Answers on page 27.)



Meet the Mall

*A true picture story
nature-loving Junior*

MRS. MALLARD DUCK sits on her nest on the ground under a bush. She made the nest of dry leaves and lined it with down from her breast.

Mr. Mallard watches by the river a short distance from the nest. His brilliant blue-green head, white collar, chestnut breast, neat tan wings, and black and white tail contrast with the speckled brown coloring of his mate.

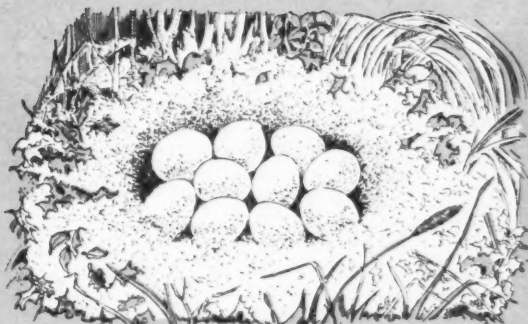
Late in the afternoon Mrs. Mallard rises from the nest and looks around. She does not see anything that would be likely to harm her eggs, so she leaves the nest for a little while.

She takes a swim in the river with Mr. Mallard and looks for something to eat.



Mallard Family

story by MARGARET WARING BUCK that all Junior Red Cross members will enjoy reading.



There are ten white eggs in the nest. For four weeks Mrs. Mallard sits on the nest. At the end of that time ten little ducklings hatch out of the eggs. They are covered with a soft tan and brown down. At once they start to run around to find small insects and plants to eat.

Mrs. Mallard takes the ducklings for a swim in the river. They tumble into the water and begin to swim right away without having to learn how.

(Other true stories of wild life are told in Miss Buck's new book, "In Woods and Fields.")

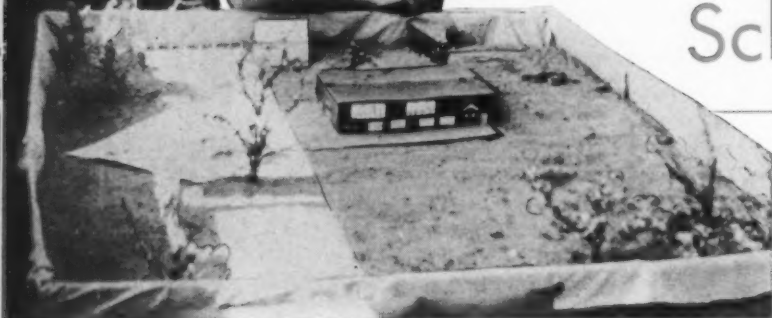




"One of the best projects we ever had" — is the way Junior Red Cross members feel about their work in planting and beautifying the grounds around their school.

Beautifying the Schoolgrounds

COLUMBIA, CONNECTICUT



▲ The pupils first made a sandtable model of their schoolgrounds, showing play areas, baseball diamond, shrubbery and other plantings.

IN THE SPRING of 1949, the first year in our new building, Junior Red Cross was organized at the Horace W. Porter School in Columbia, Connecticut.

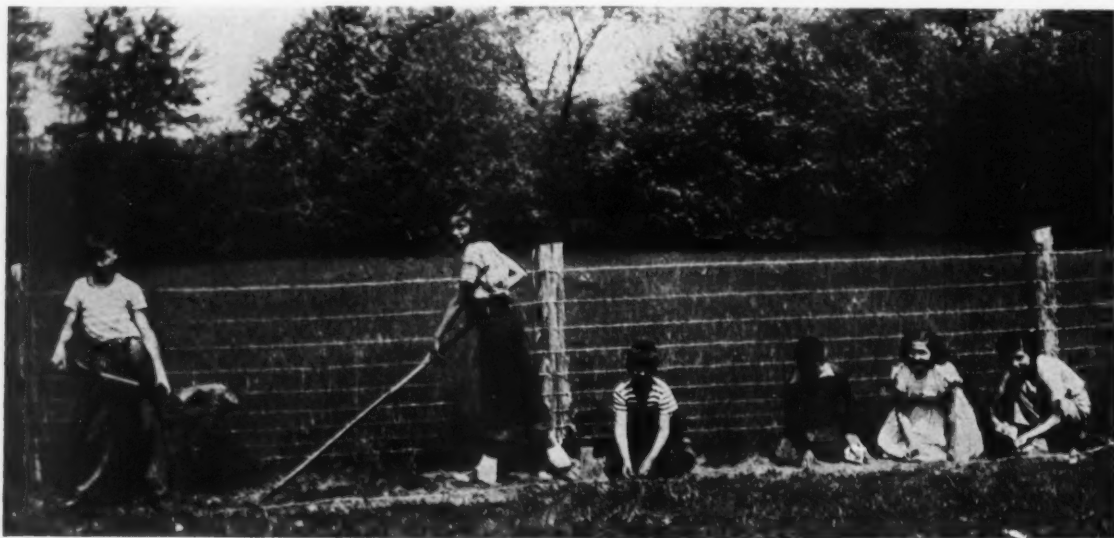
The project of "Beautifying Our Schoolgrounds" was chosen from the list of community service projects because grading and seeding was the only work of that kind that was done when the school was completed; also because it was an activity

which could be continued from year to year.

Grades 7 and 8 were chosen to organize the planning and set up different groups to carry out various parts of the project.

The first grade made a flower garden around the flagpole and the well house at the front of the school. In class they studied about varieties of garden flowers and how plants grow, and they learned the kinds of flowers which were best for planting in that type of soil.

Several grades worked together in planting flower gardens along a wire fence at the side of the schoolyard. ▼



Grades 2 and 3, 4 and 5, and 6 were three other groups that planted flower gardens along a wire fence at the side of the schoolyard.

In the seventh and eighth grade room the class discussed plans during English period. In arithmetic, they studied measuring, scales, and angles for construction and laying out the ball diamond.

Reading, science, and more arithmetic came into use in figuring costs, quantities, and types of grass best suited to various parts of the playground.

A sandbox was made, and the girls constructed scale models of the building, grounds, and possible shrubbery.

The boys laid out the baseball diamond and made the pitcher's mound, hauling dirt from the far end of the playground. They leveled the batter's box and the base lines and dug out the stones and raked off the field.

All the tools used were loaned by families of the pupils. The seeds were purchased with money earned by the school.

As a result of improving the ball field, the boys became aware that playing equipment was badly needed for baseball, so grades 6, 7, and 8 decided to take this as their special project.

When school began in September, the beauty of the flowers made the pupils anxious to plan in greater detail for the spring of 1950.

— Alice Mae Miller, Grade 8
Horace W. Porter School



▲ The boys had a grand time laying out the baseball diamond. They leveled the batter's box and base lines; they dug out stones and raked off the field.



▲ The girls helped lay out the baseball diamond by carefully measuring angles for construction.



◀ The first graders made a lovely flower garden around the flagpole.

These pictures were taken at Gambell, St. Lawrence Island, Alaska, one of the world's oldest Eskimo villages. It is 43 miles from Siberia on an air line.

BOYS and of the Far



▲ In fur parkas and mittens, Eskimo children at Gambell pose for their picture outside their school.

AWAY UP NORTH in Alaska at the tip of the continent live Eskimo boys and girls who go to school just as you do. They are your friends. They have written letters to the American Junior Red Cross to say "thank you" for gift boxes, craft supplies, and other school materials recently sent to them.

With their letters they included pictures of themselves, of their homes, and of some of the things they do, so their friends in the States might get better acquainted with them.



▲ These children spend happy hours with their pets in a small skin canoe their father made for them. They pretend they are hunting polar bear, walrus, or seal. Eskimo children are always happy and cheerful—they play together with few quarrels.

This Eskimo mother makes sure her baby is heavily padded before she takes him outdoors in winter. ➤



GIRLS

Northland

Pictures and story from ALBERT REED,
teacher, Gambell, St. Lawrence Island, Alaska



▲ Terrific winds sweep across these Eskimo homes in the wintertime. Sometimes the doors are completely covered with snow during the night. Then a window has to be removed so that the door may be shoveled out.



▲ Eskimo children love to play. This was indeed a comical sight to see the dog "Polo" all dressed up. Everyone enjoyed his antics except "Polo."

This man has a load of fine white fox pelts. In a good season the Eskimos of St. Lawrence Island will trap about 1500 white fox. When prices were from \$50 to \$70 per pelt, this made a good income for the trappers, but now with prices low, times are hard. ▼



St. Lawrence Island has an area of 1,288,000 acres. There are only two villages on the entire island. The native population is about 500. There are about a dozen white people — weather bureau employees and missionaries.



◀ Eskimo boys and girls get their picture taken beside a walrus. This is a medium-sized female walrus. The tusks are much smaller than those of the male. The mother walrus will fight viciously to protect her young. When the mother is shot it is pathetic to see the baby refuse to leave even to save its own life.

The walrus is widely used by the Eskimos. Its skin makes coverings for the skin boats; its tusks are used for all kinds of carving; its hide is also used for making a very strong durable rope; its meat is eaten; its blubber is used for dog feed. Even the entrails are stripped, dried, and eaten; to Eskimos they form one of the choicest of all meats.

This Eskimo woman is splitting a walrus skin down the middle with her "oolu," a half-moon shaped knife. The skin is being split to make a cover for the "oomiak" or skin boat. A single skin will cover a boat 20 or 25 feet long.

The skin boat has many advantages. If there is floating ice in the water, the small pieces of ice strike the boat and make a dent in the skin which is so elastic that it stretches taut immediately afterward. The boat is also light to haul across the ice when pursuing polar bear.

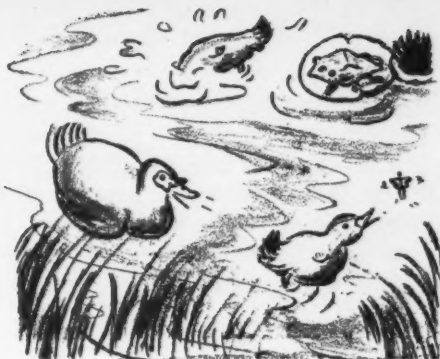


◀ Long before the advent of the white man on St. Lawrence Island, the natives fought with bows, arrows, and spears. This man is wearing an old armor made of whale bone and walrus hide. No arrow could pierce this armor. Arm pieces are jointed or flexible and could be closed to protect the face from arrows. The skirt is made of several bands that telescope if the wearer wants to sit or squat down.

In battle, the wearer of the armor tried to induce the enemy to fire all of his arrows, then he would drop the cumbersome parts of his own armor and let fly at the enemy.

In my Backyard—

These stories were written and illustrated by 14-year-old KAREN SIGNELL, who is a junior high school student at Takoma Park, Md.



DAISY SAVES THE DAY

THE MINUTE I stepped outside our house, I knew something was wrong with Daisy Duck. There was no mistaking her frantic cries and her flapping wings. She was in danger!

Daisy Duck had been setting on 14 eggs for 40 days now. The eggs would hatch in only 10 days!

Daisy had picked out what she thought was a wonderful place for a nest, right in between two rows of logs in our woodpile.

I called Daddy to come. He said, "Oh, she's probably settling down for the night."

He wasn't very convincing, though, so I went inside the house and got my flashlight, for it was dark outside.

When Daddy heard Daisy's screech again, he realized that some animal must be trying to steal her eggs and that she was trying to defend her nest.

I dashed over to the woodpile. Under the glare of the flashlight I saw that Daisy's

neck was almost underneath her, and her feet were nowhere to be seen.

Her wings were beating a tattoo against the logs. She gave a choking honk and her body twisted so she was rightside-up again.

Coiled around her neck three times was a big black snake!! He was trying to choke Daisy so he could eat her eggs! Her eyes were almost popping out, she was so frightened.

Near her tail, on the ground, was Mr. Snake's head with its black beady eyes. His tongue was lashing in and out.

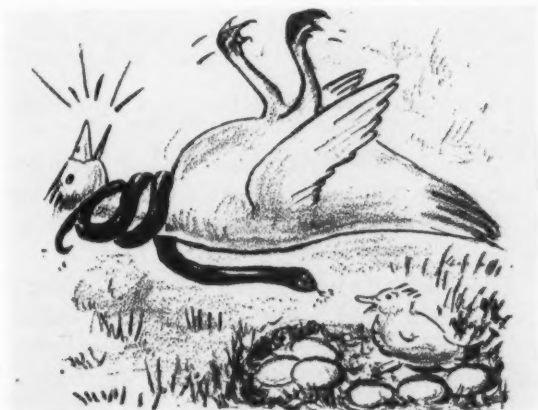
I yelled, "It's a snake! It's a snake! He's trying to kill her! Poor Daisy! Daddy, please get a knife or something. Quick!"

A long, long minute later, Dad came with a big knife. I beamed the flashlight on Daisy so Dad could see to cut the coils around her neck. Dad had to saw through the black body very slowly, for he had to be careful not to cut Daisy's neck.

Finally, Mr. Snake loosened his grip and slithered away through the logs. We hunted for him all around the logpile but couldn't find him.

Daisy could have left her nest when she first saw the snake, but instead she risked her life to guard her eggs. Today she is well and safe and her reward is 14 little fluffy bright-eyed ducklings.

Coiled around her neck was a big black snake.



THE EGG THIEF

QUEEN COO-COO waddled excitedly up to King Fred to hiss loudly, swinging her head back and forth. News was popping in the duck yard again!

Then big fat Fred, king of the ducks,

strutted over to Meany, Whitey, Speckles, and Momma to tell them. With him came Queen Coo-Coo, his best girl friend.

All the ladies gathered around him in a circle. Their necks were going back and forth and their tails were wagging vigorously, as they asked the proud king questions.

You know how the hair on a dog's back stands up when he sees a strange dog. That is just how the ducks look with their head feathers standing up in the air when they hear very exciting news.

Finally they calmed down and went back to swimming and bugging. They had plenty to talk about too! A big black snake had been right in their yard! This is how it happened.

I had found fewer and fewer duck eggs each day. Could some animal be stealing them—a fox, snake, or rat perhaps? One day, as I approached a nest buried in the vines, I stopped. I saw a long gray form move inside!

I looked closer. There, wrapped around two duck eggs, was a huge black snake. Here was the egg thief, found at last!

I screamed for my brother Karl to come quickly. I found a long forked stick and rushed over to the snake.

There was a big lump in his neck that made him look as if he had the mumps. Could he have swallowed an egg whole? He seemed sleepy as I poked him with the stick.

As Karl came bounding nearer, Mr. Snake became uneasy and started to move. Quickly I thrust the forked stick at his neck.

"I got him! I got him!" I cried. I had spoken too soon. Somehow he had wiggled his head out from under the stick and was slithering away!

Karl took my stick and made a quick, hard thrust. This one was successful. The snake lashed his tail and writhed his body, but the stick held him firmly. Karl took hold of Mr. Snake's neck, and he, in turn, coiled his black 6-foot body around Karl's arm.

We dashed up to the house, eager to show Mother and Dad our catch. When we got to the house, we heard a cracking sound from inside the snake. Was it the egg? We heard it again. Could we get the egg

out before it was crushed? Karl squeezed behind the lump. The snake's mouth opened wide and out rolled a duck egg!

Just for fun, we put the egg in among Daisy Duck's eggs, for she had a cozy little nest in the woodpile. She kept it in her nest and one day out danced a fluffy, bright-eyed, yellow duckling!

THE LOST DUCK

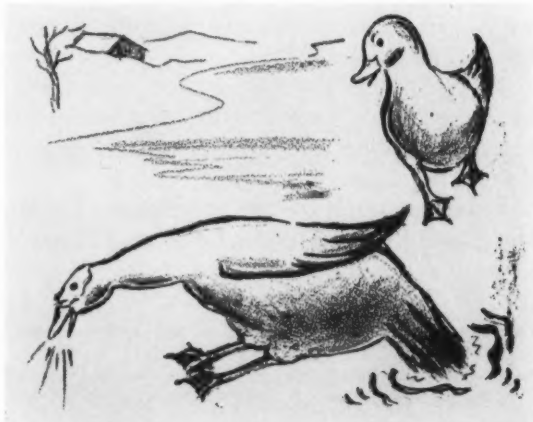
THE ICY WIND stung my nose and ears as I waded through the deep snow to feed the ducks. I rattled the duck pellets in their pan.

Meany, Fred the King, Whitey, Daisy Duck, Lula, and Speckles poked their heads out of their log cabin at the sound of their breakfast call. They hurried over to their pan and started to eat.

Someone was missing! Queen Coo-Coo and Blackie! Where were they?

I started down the slope to the frozen pond. There were two ducks in the middle of it—Queen Coo-Coo and Blackie.

Something was wrong with Queen Coo-



Coo, for she was trying to stand up on her feet and couldn't.

Then I saw what was wrong. Queen Coo-Coo's tail was frozen in the ice! Last night she must have been sitting on the ice when it rained and the rain froze.

Blackie had guarded her all night. She'd braved the cold night to keep the queen company. As I drew near, the queen made one final attempt to get up. She succeeded! BUT—there in the ice were her tail feathers!

A Pet from Panama



Illustrations by
JEANNE McDONALD

Delia Goetz

Jimmy could hardly wait to see the surprise his father had promised to bring from Panama.

EVERYONE in Jimmy Hunter's class was happy that his father was coming home. From the faraway places he visited, he always brought fine presents to Jimmy, who shared them with his friends. This time Mr. Hunter had been in Panama. The class tried to guess what he would bring back.

"Maybe he'll bring a bunch of bananas," said Teddy, who was always hungry.

"He might bring a lot of coconuts," Billy guessed hopefully. He was especially fond of them.

"I think he'll bring a parrot," said Susan.

"He might bring something that the pirates hid there long ago," said Jimmy. He had been reading about Panama while his father was there.

But none of them would have thought to guess the present that Mr. Hunter brought tucked in his overcoat pocket to keep it warm.

"There's something for you in my pocket," he said after he had kissed Jimmy. "Want to take it out?"

Jimmy smiled and put his hand in the pocket. But he quickly pulled it out. He had touched something soft and furry.

His father laughed. "It won't hurt you." Then he reached in his pocket and brought out what looked like a handful of fur.

When Jimmy looked more closely at it

he saw it was a tiny animal. It had tan fur as soft as silk, and eyes that were big and bright. It stared at Jimmy, looking him over carefully. It must have decided that it liked him, for it jumped from Mr. Hunter's hand onto Jimmy's shoulder.

"Where did you get such a tiny monkey, Daddy?" Jimmy asked in surprise.

"It isn't a monkey," said Mr. Hunter. "He's a marmoset. He belongs to the monkey family, but he'll never get much bigger than he is now."

"What's his name?" Jimmy asked next.

"Well, the man who sold him to me called him Chico (*Cheek-oh*). That is Spanish for little," his father explained.

"I think I'll call him Chico, too," said Jimmy. "Then he won't have to get used to a new name. Besides, this name suits him. He surely is tiny," he said, stroking Chico's soft fur. "What does he like to eat, Daddy?"

"Oh, he likes insects and fruit, particularly bananas."

"May I take him to school this afternoon?" Jimmy asked, looking first at his father, then at his mother. "Everyone will want to see what you brought me," he added as they hesitated.

"You may take him," his mother said. "But if Miss Brown doesn't want him there,

or if he disturbs the class, you must bring him home."

JIMMY PROMISED, and when he went back to school after lunch Chico went with him. Jimmy tucked him in his own overcoat pocket as his father had done, to protect him from the cold air. The bell had rung and the boys and girls were already in their places when Jimmy arrived at school. He walked right into the room with his overcoat on and went up to Miss Brown's desk. He said something to her and she smiled and nodded.

"Jimmy has a surprise to show us," said Miss Brown. "Would you like to see it?" Of course everyone said "Yes."

Then Jimmy took Chico out of his pocket and set him on his shoulder, and the children crowded around for a better look at him.

From his perch Chico looked them over, one by one, winking his big black eyes solemnly. But when they reached up to stroke his fur, he moved closer to Jimmy's head and frowned down at them. He looked like a cross little old man, and the children laughed with delight.

Miss Brown was as interested in Chico as the boys and girls were. "He feels shy at seeing so many new faces," she said. "He will let you stroke his fur when he knows you better."

"Is it just a baby monkey?" asked Teddy.

"It's a marmoset," said Jimmy.

"A marmoset belongs to the monkey family," Miss Brown explained, "but it won't ever get as big as a monkey. Remember we said when we read the story about the tiger that your kitten and the tiger both belong to the cat family, yet your kitten won't ever be as big as a tiger."

"Won't it be too cold for

him here in this country?" Billy wondered.

"He couldn't stay out-of-doors in cold weather," said Miss Brown. "Marmosets live in countries where it is warm all the year."

"Does he like peanuts like the monkeys at the zoo?" asked Susan.

"I don't know," said Miss Brown. "But that would be a good thing to find out. How would you like to go to the zoo some day and ask Mr. Moon what he feeds the marmosets?"

"Could we go soon?" Jimmy asked.

"Perhaps we can go tomorrow," said Miss Brown.

When it was time to draw, Susan said, "Why couldn't we draw Chico?"

And that's what they did. Chico was a very good model. Most of the time he sat

When the children had finished their pictures of Chico, Miss Brown put them up on the board. Chico sat and looked at them as if trying to decide which he liked most.



very still and watched them closely. Once he reached out, grabbed Jimmy's crayon, and tried to draw, too.

When the children had finished their pictures of Chico, Miss Brown put them up on the board. Chico sat and looked at them thoughtfully as if he were trying to decide which he liked best.

He looked so funny that the boys and girls laughed, and he turned and stared at them. Then he looked at Miss Brown as if to ask, "What's so funny?"

The afternoon passed very quickly. Chico seemed to be as interested in the class as the children were in him.

WHEN JIMMY got home he gave Chico a banana. He seemed to like it very much, and ate it as though he were hungry.

Then they went out to play, but Chico stayed close to Jimmy. When Corky, Jimmy's little black dog, came up to them, Chico sat on Jimmy's shoulder and chattered as if he were scolding him.

At bedtime Jimmy said, "Where will he sleep?"

He would have liked to take Chico to bed with him, but his mother said "no" very firmly. She found a little basket, and lined it with a soft woolen cloth.

Jimmy tucked Chico inside and covered him with another piece of soft cloth. Then he put the basket on a chair near his bed. To keep the cold air from the open window off Chico, he hung his overcoat round the back of the chair.



Soon Jimmy in his bed and Chico in his basket were fast asleep. Jimmy was still sleeping soundly when his mother called him next morning. He opened his eyes, remembered his present, and looked over at the basket.

Then he sat up straight, threw the covers back, and jumped out of bed. The basket was empty. Chico wasn't there!

"Chico! Chico!" Jimmy called, looking around the room. But Chico didn't come.

Jimmy looked under the dresser and back of the bed. Chico wasn't there. He looked

behind the bookcase and in all the corners. Chico wasn't there either.

Jimmy thought a moment, then he looked under his pillow and pulled back the covers. But Chico was gone.

JIMMY ran into the dining room where his mother and father were at breakfast. "Mother! Daddy!" he cried. "I can't find Chico. He's gone!"

They followed Jimmy to his room. "He's probably under the dresser," said Jimmy's father. But he wasn't.

Then they looked in every place that Jimmy had searched before. They looked under the furniture. They shook out the covers. They even looked in Jimmy's shoes. But they couldn't find Chico.

"Maybe he got out and is lost," said Jimmy, and his voice shook.

"No," said his father. "The window has a screen."

"And the door of your room was closed all night," his mother added. "But he's so tiny he's probably hiding somewhere, and watching us hunt for him right now," she said, trying to cheer Jimmy. "Let's have breakfast. He'll be hungry and come for some, too."

But Chico wasn't there when they had finished breakfast. Jimmy searched again. Finally it was time to go to school. Jimmy looked sadly at the empty basket when he went to get his overcoat from the chair.

"I'm sure we'll find him," said his father. "He'll be here when you come home for lunch."

A cold wind whistled around the corner when Jimmy stepped out of doors. He dug his hands into his pockets to keep them warm. His right hand touched something soft and furry.

"Squeak, squeak," said a tiny voice.

Jimmy smiled and quickly scooped Chico from the deep pocket where he had crept in the night to keep warm. It was such a comfortable bed that he had overslept!



A Junior Red Cross HERO

PHOTO BY DICK MORRIS



Henry King

JUNIOR RED CROSS members in Boynton Beach, Florida (Palm Beach County Chapter), are proud of Henry King, another one of their members. They call him, "Our Junior Red Cross hero."

And hero this Boynton Elementary School 4th grader really is!

It happened one morning that Henry had gone fishing down on the canal near his home. He had good luck and caught two fish to take home to his mother for dinner.

As he was walking along the street toward home, carrying his fish in one hand and his fishing pole over his shoulder, he was suddenly startled to see smoke rising from a neighbor's house. With a shrill yell to his mother, he dropped his fish and his pole and fairly flew toward the burning house.

A small neighbor boy called to him that there was a baby inside the house. Without a second's thought, Henry ran up to the door, kicked it open, and dashed into the burning house to get the baby.

He grabbed the baby from its crib, held it carefully in his arms, then ran with it safely back outside.

Henry's quick thinking and unselfish act earned him the right to be called a hero.

TWO AMERICANS

IN NEW YORK CITY there's a boy
Who sits in school today
Reading of young Pablo
Down Guatemala way.

He thinks, "It must be very queer
To hear just Spanish words
And live among banana trees
With oddly colored birds!

"He seems to dress somewhat like me
But everybody knows
His country's full of Indians
Who wear the strangest clothes!"

IN GUATEMALA CITY there's
A lad who likes to look
At the New York boy whose picture
Is in his history book.

Says Pablo, "Why, he looks like ME!
I cannot understand.
They say in North America
That cowboys roam the land!

"I hear he eats just apple pie;
But can it really be
That he never tastes tortillas
Like my mother makes for me?

"How very sad it is to think
He knows no Spanish word.
I should find it hard with only
English to be heard."

NOW BOTH our Paul and Pablo love
To eat and run and play
And both will sit a-dreaming of
The next school holiday.

Two mixed-up young Americans,
Isn't it a shame
They only know they're different
And don't know they're the same?

—LILIAN MOORE



PLANTING A TREE—To make their schoolgrounds more beautiful, all the boys and girls of Collett Elementary School, Terre Haute, Ind., took part in the tree planting on Arbor Day.

MARTIN'S PHOTO SHOP

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

GEORGE C. MARSHALL President
The American National Red Cross
LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR Vice President
for Junior Red Cross and Educational Relations,
The American National Red Cross

EDWARD A. RICHARDS .. Director, American Junior Red Cross
THOMAS A. DEVINE Assistant Director
WILLIAM J. FLYNN Assistant Director
JOHN S. GIVENS Assistant Director
ALICE INGERSOLL THORNTON Assistant Director
ELIZABETH W. ROBINSON Program Consultant

LOIS S. JOHNSON Editor, the NEWS
ELEANOR C. FISHBURN Managing Editor
HELEN S. LOENHOLDT Art Editor

ORCHARD IN BLOSSOM

NATURE is a beautiful thing,
Especially during the season of spring.
The birds are singing a joyful tune
All through the orchards so full of bloom.

The orchard in blossom has value unknown,
Like a king with riches as he sits on his throne.
Each blossom that produces fruit so fair
Has done its duty in this world of care.

—JOYCE ANN PERDUE
Matoaca School
Chesterfield County, Va.

ANSWERS TO QUIZZER, PAGE 13

- (1) George Washington, then President of the U. S.
- (2) Philadelphia, Pa.
- (3) Pierre Charles L'Enfant, French engineer.
- (4) Thomas Jefferson.
- (5) The Capitol.
- (6) None—buildings are limited in height.
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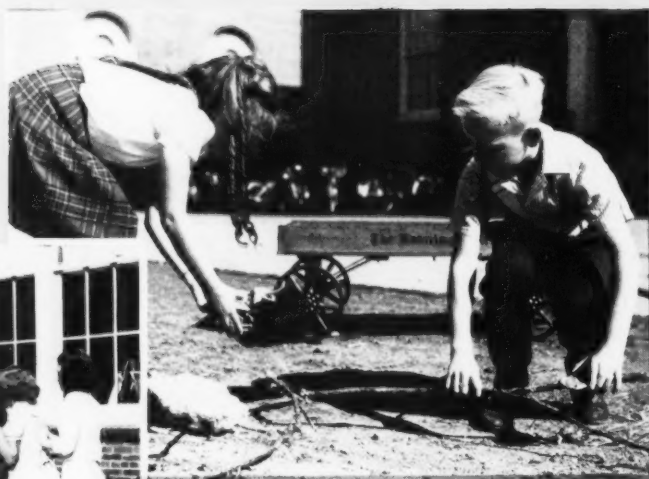
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SIGNS OF DANGER are used by JRC members, Seattle-King County Chapter, Washington, in their safety campaign.



NORTHWEST PHOTOGRAPHERS



RED CROSS PHOTO BY RIORDAN

▲ FIVE SIX PICK UP STICKS, say Patricia Pyle and Fred Kilguss, Murch School, Washington, D. C., as they clean up their school playground.

In Junior Red Cross Springtime Means...

E nthusiastic service
A ccident prevention
S aving natural resources
T houghtfulness of shut-ins
E nrollment in Red Cross swimming and first aid classes
R ound the world activities



NEWS STAFF-MORNING HERALD

▲ OUNCE OF PREVENTION—Over 300 bicycles were registered for checking in JRC bicycle safety campaign at Lenwill School, Ouachita Parish, Monroe, La.

EASTER JOY comes to William Lahan in the hospital as he explores contents of Easter box sent him by JRC, Cambridge, Mass.



ROGER BURKE, CHRONICLE-SUN

